

FOLK SONGS FROM SOMERSET.

FOLK SONGS

FROM SOMERSET

GATHERED AND EDITED
WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

BY
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FIFTH SERIES.

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DEDICATED BY PERMISSION
TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

PREFACE.



THE Editor desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to all those who during the past year have assisted him in his work in Somerset. His thanks are particularly due to the Rev. A. A. Brockington, the Rev. H. G. Quick, and the Rev. C. Powell.



INTRODUCTION.

IN the Introduction to the Fourth Series the opinion was expressed that that volume would in all probability bring this Collection to a conclusion. That, at the time, seemed a natural view to take ; but it was, nevertheless, a mistaken one. Contrary to expectation, the new districts that were explored last year proved exceedingly fruitful ; indeed, they yielded so much fresh material that the temptation to issue an additional volume was too strong to be resisted.

Among the songs here printed will be found some sailors' chanties, Christmas carols and wassail songs, of which no examples have as yet appeared in any of the foregoing volumes.

Compared with other parts of England, Somerset is not, perhaps, especially rich in folk-carols. Carol singing at Christmas time is, however, customary in many parts of the County, and several villages have special carols of their own, which are not found elsewhere, and of which they regard themselves as the sole owners. But these, unlike "The Ten Joys of Mary" and "A Christmas Carol," are not genuine folk-carols. They date, I believe, from the eighteenth century and are, patently, the compositions of cultivated or semi-cultivated musicians. They may, perhaps, have been written by some of those stringed or wind-instrument players who accompanied the services in the village churches before the introduction of harmoniums and organs. These rustic musicians could play from note

and had acquired quite enough elementary musical knowledge to invent simple harmonized tunes. A few of these "composed" carols are printed, but most of them are in manuscript; while some are now preserved, in a more or less corrupt state, by oral tradition only. To the musical historian these are not without interest, even if their artistic value is not very great. In any case, they could not properly be included in a collection of traditional folk-songs.

On the other hand, if not rich in carols, Somerset has plenty of wassail songs. The very ancient custom of wassail-singing—dating, perhaps, from before the Conquest—is still observed in many parts of the County. It is, however, dying out very rapidly, so that the three examples printed in this volume have been collected none too soon. The version, recovered from an individual singer at Curry Rivel, is a very beautiful one; it is, however, an example of the wassail song of a generation ago, rather than of the present time.

I have noted down several sailors' chanties in Somerset, chiefly at Bridgwater and Minehead. Most of these are constructed on too small a scale to be given a place in a collection of ballads and songs. This remark does not, however, apply to "Spanish Ladies" or "Heave away," which are built on much larger lines.

In addition to chanties, carols and wassail songs, I have collected in Somerset a great many children's singing games and dance-tunes, as well as a few dances; but although many of these are well worth publication their place is not here. Some day, I hope, it may be possible to issue some of them in a supplementary volume.

The words and tunes of the twenty-six songs in this Series were recovered from the following towns and villages: Bridgwater, East Coker, Minehead, Bratton, Axbridge, Combe Florey, Chew Stoke, Ubley, East and West Harptree, Somerton, Ball's Cover, Mark, Crowcombe, Wells, Drayton, Hambridge, Curry Rivel, Huish Episcopi, Langport and Exford.

C. J. S.

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FOLK SONGS.

CV. THE LARK IN THE MORN.

Allegretto con grazia.

As I was a - walk - ing one morn-ing in the

Allegretto con grazia.

p *p e legato.*

Spring, I met a young dam - sel, so sweet-ly she did sing; And

as we were a - walk - ing these words she did say: There's no life like a

cres.

plough - boy's all in the month of May. The

dim. colla voce. *p* *pp*

THE LARK IN THE MORN.

- 1 As I was a-walking one morning in the Spring,
I met a young damsel, so sweetly she did sing ;
And as we were a-walking these words she did say :
There's no life like a ploughboy's all in the month of May.
- 2 The lark in the morn she will rise up from her nest,
And mount in the air with the dew all on her breast ;
And like the pretty ploughboy she will whistle and sing,
And at night she'll return to her own nest back again.

CVI. JENNY OF THE MOOR.

Allegretto semplice.

One morn for re-cre-a-tion I strayed by the sea-

Allegretto semplice.
p e legato.

- side, The sun was gent-ly ris-ing be-decked in his pride, I be-

cres. *dim.*

- held a fair maid-en sit-ting at her cot-tage door With the bloom on her

p *cres.*

cheeks, sweet Jen-ny of the moor. I stood in con-tem-

colla voce. *dim.* *a tempo.* *pp*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto semplice'. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'One morn for re-cre-a-tion I strayed by the sea-'. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The tempo remains 'Allegretto semplice'. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: '- side, The sun was gent-ly ris-ing be-decked in his pride, I be-'. The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The tempo remains 'Allegretto semplice'. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: '- held a fair maid-en sit-ting at her cot-tage door With the bloom on her'. The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The tempo remains 'Allegretto semplice'. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'cheeks, sweet Jen-ny of the moor. I stood in con-tem-'. The piano accompaniment features various dynamics including 'p', 'cres.', 'dim.', 'colla voce.', 'a tempo.', and 'pp'.

- pla - tion, as though in a dream, While she to my fan - cy a

cres.

fair - y did seem ; And hand - some she look - ed as she gazed on the

mf

shore— A sweet pret - ty maid was Jen - ny of the moor.

1st time.

cres. *dim. e rall.* *a tempo.*

2nd time.

moor.

a tempo. *morendo.* *pp*

JENNY OF THE MOOR.

- 1 ONE morn for recreation I strayed by the sea-side,
The sun was gently rising bedecked in his pride,
I beheld a fair maiden sitting at her cottage door
With the bloom on her cheeks, sweet Jenny of the moor.
- 2 I stood in contemplation, as though in a dream,
While she to my fancy a fairy did seem*;
And handsome she look-ed as she gazed on the shore—
A sweet pretty maid was Jenny of the moor.
- 3 I said : My pretty fair one, why so early do you rise ?
To greet the dewy morning when the lark's in the skies.
O the sea-side it is pleasant, though the breakers often roar
And fill me with fear, said Jenny of the moor.
- 4 We both sat down together by the pleasant shady side ;
I said : My pretty fair maid I will make you my bride ;
I have silver in plenty brought from a foreign shore,
And dearly I love sweet Jenny of the moor.

CVII. BEDLAM.

Allegretto teneroso.

A - broad as I was walk-ing one morn-ing in the

Spring, I heard a maid in Bed-lam so sweet-ly she did sing; Her

chains she rat-tled in her hands, and al-ways so sang she:

love my love be-cause I... know he first loved me.

My love he was sent from me by friends that were un-kind; They

sent him far be-yond the seas all to tor-ment my mind. Al-though I've suf-fered

for his sake con-tent-ed will I be, For I love my love be-cause I know he

1st time. 2nd time.
first loved me. My me.

BEDLAM.

- 1 ABROAD as I was walking one morning in the Spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam so sweetly she did sing ;
Her chains she rattled in her hands, and always so sang she :
I love my love because I know he first loved me.
- 2 My love he was sent from me by friends that were unkind ;
They sent him far beyond the seas all to torment my mind.
Although I've suffered for his sake contented will I be,
For I love my love because I know he first loved me.
- 3 My love he'll not come near me to hear the moan I make,
And neither would he pity me if my poor heart should break ;
But, though I've suffered for his sake, contented will I be,
For I love my love because I know he first loved me.
- 4 I said : My dearest Johnny, are you my love or no ?
He said : My dearest Nancy, I've proved your overthrow ;
But, though you've suffered for my sake, contented will we be,
For I love my love because I know my love loves me.

CVIII. BLACKBIRDS AND THRUSHES.

Andante affetuoso.

As I was a - walk - ing for

Andante affetuoso.

p

my re - cre - a - tion, A - down by the gar - dens I si - lent - ly

strayed, I heard a fair maid mak - ing great la - men - ta - tion, Crying :

mf *colla voce.*

Jim - my will be slain in the wars I'm a - fraid.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Andante affetuoso'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system includes dynamic markings of *mf* and *colla voce.* and continues the melody and accompaniment. The fourth system concludes the piece with the final line of the song. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand and a left hand, both playing a steady, rhythmic pattern of eighth notes.

The black - birds and thrush - es sang in the green

bush - es; The wood-doves and larks seemed to mourn for this maid; And the

song that she sang was con - cern - ing her lo - ver: O Jim-my will be

mf *colla voce.*

1st time. 2nd time.

slain in the wars I'm a - fraid. maid !
dim. *rall.*

BLACKBIRDS AND THRUSHES.

- 1 As I was a-walking for my recreation,
 A-down by the gardens I silently strayed,
 I heard a fair maid making great lamentation,
 Crying : Jimmy will be slain in the wars I'm afraid.
- 2 The blackbirds and thrushes sang in the green bushes ;
 The wood-doves and larks seemed to mourn for this maid ;
 And the song that she sang was concerning her lover :
 My Jimmy will be slain in the wars I'm afraid.
- 3 Her cheeks blushed like roses, her arms full of posies,
 She strayed in the meadows and, weeping, she said :
 My head it is aching, my poor heart is breaking,
 For Jimmy will be slain in the wars I'm afraid.
- 4 When Jimmy returned with his heart full of burning,
 He found his dear Nancy all dead in her grave.
 He cried : I'm forsaken, my poor heart is breaking,
 O would that I never had left this fair maid !

CIX. THE BARLEY-MOW.

Moderato. (SOLO.) (CHORUS.)

Moderato. O I will drink out of the nip-per-kin, boys; So

mf *mf*

(SOLO.) (CHORUS.)

here's a good health to the bar-ley mow. The nip-per-kin and the brown bowl.... So

(SOLO.)

here's a good health to the bar-ley mow. O I will drink out of the

(CHORUS.) (SOLO.)

pint, my boys; So here's a good health to the bar-ley mow. The pint, the

(CHORUS.) (SOLO.)

nip-per-kin and the brown bowl. So here's a good health to the bar - ley mow. O

(CHORUS.) (SOLO.)

I will drink out of the quart, my boys ; So here's a good health to the bar - ley mow. The

mf

(CHORUS.)

quart, the pint, the nip - per - kin and the brown bowl. So

D. C. dal 'S.

here's a good health to the bar - ley mow. O

Last verse.

D. C. dal 'S. p

* There will be three $\frac{3}{8}$ bars in the next verse, four in the fifth verse, and so on.

THE BARLEY-MOW.

Solo. 1 O I will drink out of the nipperkin, boys ;

Chorus. *So here's a good health to the barley-mow.*

The nipperkin and the brown bowl.

So here's a good health to the barley-mow.

2 O I will drink out of the pint, my boys ;

So here's a good health to the barley-mow.

The pint, the nipperkin and the brown bowl.

So here's a good health to the barley-mow.

3 O I will drink out of the quart, my boys ;

So here's a good health to the barley-mow.

The quart, the pint, the nipperkin and the brown bowl.

So here's a good health to the barley-mow.

The song proceeds after the usual manner of cumulative songs, an additional measure being added to each verse. The last verse runs as follows :—

13 O I will drink out of the clouds, my boys ;

So here's a good health to the barley-mow.

The clouds, the ocean, the sea, the river, the well, the tub, the

but, the hogshead, the keg, the gallon, the quart, the

pint, the nipperkin and the brown bowl.

So here's a good health to the barley-mow.

CX. THE SPRIG OF THYME.

Andante con moto.

O once I had thyme of my

own, And in my own gar - den it grew; I

used to know the place where my thyme it did grow, But now it is cov - ered with

rue, with rue, But now it is cov - ered with rue. The

mf *p* *cres.* *dim.* *mf* *cres.*

rue it is a flour - ish - ing thing, It flour - ish - es by night and by

mf

day ; So be - ware of a young man's flat - ter - ing tongue, He will

dim. *p* *dolce.*

steal your thyme a - way, a - way, He will steal your thyme a -

sfz *sfz*

- way. I sow - ed my gar - den full of

cres.

seeds ; But the small birds they car - ried them a - way In

8va..... *loco.*

sfz *mf* *p*

A - pril, May, and in June like - wise, When the small birds sing all

mf

day, all day, When the small birds sing all day. In

1st time.

sfz *p*

2nd time.

gone.

cres.

THE SPRIG OF THYME.

- 1 O ONCE I had thyme of my own,
And in my own garden it grew ;
I used to know the place where my thyme it did grow,
But now it is covered with rue, with rue,
But now it is covered with rue.
- 2 The rue it is a flourishing thing,
It flourishes by night and by day ;
So beware of a young man's flattering tongue,
He will steal your thyme away, away,
He will steal your thyme away.
- 3 I sow-ed my garden full of seeds ;
But the small birds they carried them away
In April, May, and in June likewise,
When the small birds sing all day, all day,
When the small birds sing all day.
- 4 In June there was a red-a-rosy bud,
And that seemed the flower for me ;
And oftentimes I snatch-ed at the red-a-rosy bud,
Till I gain-ed the willow, willow tree,
Till I gain-ed the willow tree.
- 5 O the willow, willow tree it will twist,
And the willow, willow tree it will twine ;
And so it was that young and false-hearted man
When he gain-ed this heart of mine, of mine,
When he gain-ed this heart of mine.
- 6 O thyme it is a precious, precious thing
On the road that the sun shines upon ;
But thyme it is a thing that will bring you to an end,
And that's how my time has gone, has gone,
And that's how my time has gone.

CXI. THE PRETTY PLOUGHING-BOY.

Allegretto comodo.

Allegretto comodo. It's of a pret - ty plough-ing boy was

dolce.

plough - ing on the plain, And his hors - es they stood un - der-neath the

shade;..... It was down in yon - der grove he went

cres.

whist - ling to his plough, And by chance there he met a pret - ty

mf *cres.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto comodo'. The first system includes the tempo marking and the beginning of the vocal line with the lyrics 'It's of a pret - ty plough-ing boy was'. The second system continues the vocal line with 'plough - ing on the plain, And his hors - es they stood un - der-neath the'. The third system continues with 'shade;..... It was down in yon - der grove he went'. The fourth system continues with 'whist - ling to his plough, And by chance there he met a pret - ty'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass and chords in the treble. Dynamic markings include 'dolce' (first system), 'cres.' (third system), and 'mf' (fourth system).

maid, pret - ty maid, And by

f *dim.*

chance there he met a pret - ty maid. And

p *cres.*

this it was his song as he walk - ed all a - long: Pret - ty

p

maid.. you are one of high de - gree; If....

cres. *dim.*

I should fall in love and your pa - rents they should know, Why! the

p

next thing they would send me to the sea,..... To.. the

cres. *f* *sfz*

sea,..... Why! the next thing they would send me to the

dim.

Three times. 4th time.

sea..... - dore.

dolce. *cres.* *f*

THE PRETTY PLOUGHING-BOY.

- 1 It's of a pretty ploughing-boy was ploughing on the plain,
 And his horses they stood underneath the shade ;
 It was down in yonder grove he went whistling to his plough,
 And by chance there he met a pretty maid.
- 2 And this it was his song as he walked all along :
 Pretty maid, you are one of high degree ;
 If I should fall in love and your parents they should know,
 Why ! the next thing they would send me to the sea.
- 3 Now, when her aged parents they came for to know
 That the ploughboy had been ploughing on the plain,
 In haste they sent a pressgang for to press her love away ;
 And they sent him to the wars to be slain.
- 4 And when that she had dressed herself all in her very best,
 Her pockets being well lined with gold,
 She began to trudge the street, with the tears in her eyes,
 All in search of her ploughing-boy so bold.
- 5 The first that she did meet with was a jolly sailor bold ;
 Have you seen my pretty ploughing-boy ? she cried.
 He is just across the deep and he's sailing for the fleet ;
 And he said : Pretty maid, will you ride ?
- 6 He rowed her till they came unto the ship her love was in ;
 When she straightway to the Captain did complain :
 I am come to you in search of my pretty ploughing:boy,
 That was sent all to the wars to be slain.
- 7 A hundred golden guineas bright she freely did pay down,
 And so gently she told them all o'er ;
 And when she'd got her ploughing-boy all safe into her arms,
 How she hugged him till she'd got him safe ashore.
- 8 Now, when she'd got her ploughing-boy all safe into her arms,
 She swore they would be parted never more ;
 And she set the bells to ring, and so rarely she did sing
 For that she had got the lad she did adore.

CXII. MARY IN THE SILVERY TIDE.

Allegro moderato.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system introduces a new vocal line. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final vocal note and piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *f*, *p*, *mf*, *dim.*, *cres.*, and *f*. The tempo is marked *Allegro moderato.*

It's of a love - ly crea - ture who

dwelt by the sea - side;... For love - ly form and fea - ture she was the vil - lage

pride: There was a young sea Cap - tain, who Ma - ry's heart would gain; But

she was true to Hen - ry, who was on the ra - ging main....

'Twas in young Hen-ry's ab - sence a no - ble-man there came.... A -

p e legato.

- court-ing pret - ty Ma - ry—but she re-fused the same; She said: Young man, I

sfx mf sfz sfz Legato. p

pray you go, your vows are all in vain; There - fore, be-gone! I love but one; he's

sfx

on the ra - ging main... Then, mad with des - pe -

cres. f p

- ra - tion, this no - ble-man did say: To prove their se - pa - ra - tion I'll

cres.

take her life a - way; I'll watch her late and ear - ly, and

mf *cres.*

then a - lone, he cried, I'll.... send her bo - dy float - ing down the

mf

D.C. Last verse.

rip - pling sil - v'ry tide..... *D.C. Last verse.* This

sfz *f* *8ves.*

no - ble-man was ta - ken, and the gal - lows was his doom For end - ing pret - ty

mf

Ma - ry's days, who'd scarce attained her bloom. Young Hen - ry, bro - ken - heart - ed, he

wan - dered till he died For... Ma - ry who was drown - ed in the

rip - pling sil - v'ry tide...

cres. *p*

MARY IN THE SILVERY TIDE.

- 1 It's of a lovely creature who dwelt by the sea-side ;
For lovely form and feature she was the village pride :
There was a young sea Captain, who Mary's heart would gain ;
But she was true to Henry, who was on the raging main.
- 2 'Twas in young Henry's absence a nobleman there came
A-courting pretty Mary—but she refused the same ;
She said : Young man, I pray you go, your vows are all in vain ;
Therefore, begone ! I love but one ; he's on the raging main.
- 3 Then, mad with desperation, this nobleman did say :
To prove their separation I'll take her life away ;
I'll watch her late and early, and then alone, he cried,
I'll send her body floating down the rippling silvery tide.
- 4 This nobleman a-walking went that he might take the air ;
Down by the rolling ocean he met the lady fair.
He said : My pretty fair maid, consent to be my bride,
Or I will send you swimming down the rippling silvery tide.
- 5 With trembling hands cried Mary : My vows I will not break ;
For Henry I love dearly, I'll die for his sweet sake.
With his handkerchief he bound her hands and splunged her o'er the side
And, shrieking, she went floating down the rippling silvery tide.
- 6 It happened Mary's true love soon after came from sea,
Expecting to be happy and to fix the wedding day :
We fear your true love's murdered, her aged parents cried,
She's caused her own destruction in the rippling silvery tide.
- 7 As Henry on his pillow lay, he could not take his rest ;
The thoughts of pretty Mary disturbed his wounded breast ;
He dreamed that he was walking down by a river side,
And saw his true love weeping in the rippling silvery tide.
- 8 Young Henry rose at midnight, at midnight gloom went he
To search the sand-banks over, down by the raging sea ;
At daybreak in the morning poor Mary's corpse he spied,
As to and fro it floated down the rippling silvery tide.
- 9 He knew it was his Mary by the ring upon her hand ;
He loosed the silken handkerchief, which put him to a stand ;
The name of her base murderer upon it there he spied
To prove who murdered Mary in the rippling silvery tide.
- 10 This nobleman was taken, and the gallows was his doom
For ending pretty Mary's days, who'd scarce attained her bloom.
Young Henry, broken-hearted, he wandered till he died
For Mary, who was drown-ed in the rippling silvery tide.

CXIII. DRIVING AWAY AT THE SMOOTHING IRON.

Moderato.

'Twas on a Mon - day

Moderato.

f *mf* *dim.* *p*

morn - ing When I be-held my dar - ling; O she was fair and she was free In

legato.

ev - 'ry high de - gree. Yes! she was neat and wil - ling O A

mf

- pick - ing up her lin - en clothes; And driv-ing a - way at the smooth - ing iron, She

p *cres.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part has dynamics *f*, *mf*, *dim.*, and *p*. The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, with the word *legato.* written below the piano part. The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, with the dynamic *mf* written below the piano part. The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, with the dynamics *p* and *cres.* written below the piano part.

stole my heart a - way,..... And driv-ing a - way at the smooth-ing iron, She

sfz

Verses 1-6.

stole my heart a - way..... 'Twas

mf *dim.*

Last verse.

- way.....

f *sfz*

DRIVING AWAY AT THE SMOOTHING IRON.

- I 'Twas on a Monday morning
When I beheld my darling ;
O she was fair and she was free
In every high degree.
Yes ! she was neat and willing O
A-picking up her linen clothes ;
And driving away at the smoothing iron,
She stole my heart away.

- 2 'Twas on a Tuesday morning
When I beheld my darling ; etc., etc.
Yes ! she was neat and willing O
A-soaping of her linen clothes ;
And driving away at the smoothing iron, etc.
- 3 'Twas on a Wednesday morning
When I beheld my darling ; etc., etc.
Yes ! she was neat and willing O
A-starching of her linen clothes ;
And driving away at the smoothing iron, etc.
- 4 'Twas on a Thursday morning
When I beheld my darling ; etc., etc.
Yes ! she was neat and willing O
A-hanging out her linen clothes ;
And driving away at the smoothing iron, etc.
- 5 'Twas on a Friday morning
When I beheld my darling ; etc., etc.
Yes ! she was neat and willing O
A-rolling down her linen clothes ;
And driving away at the smoothing iron, etc.
- 6 'Twas on a Saturday morning
When I beheld my darling ; etc., etc.
Yes ! she was neat and willing O
Ironing of her linen clothes ;
And driving away at the smoothing iron, etc.
- 7 'Twas on a Sunday morning
When I beheld my darling ; etc., etc.
Yes ! she was neat and willing O
A-wearing of her linen clothes ;
And driving away at the smoothing iron, etc.

CXIV. MY MAN JOHN.

(HE.)
Moderato.

My man John, what can the mat-ter be, That I should love the la - dy fair and

Moderato.
mf marcato. *p*

she should not love me? She will not be my bride, my joy nor my dear, And

mf marcato.

(JOHN.)

nei-ther will she walk with me a - ny - where. Court her, dear-est Mas - ter, you

p *p legato.*

court her with-out fear, And you will win the la - dy in the space of half a year; And

cres. *mf*

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is for the male character (He), with a tempo marking of 'Moderato'. The lyrics are 'My man John, what can the mat-ter be, That I should love the la - dy fair and'. The piano accompaniment includes markings for 'mf marcato' and 'p'. The second system continues the male character's part with lyrics 'she should not love me? She will not be my bride, my joy nor my dear, And'. The piano accompaniment has a marking of 'mf marcato'. The third system is for the female character (John), with lyrics 'nei-ther will she walk with me a - ny - where. Court her, dear-est Mas - ter, you'. The piano accompaniment has markings for 'p' and 'p legato'. The fourth system continues the female character's part with lyrics 'court her with-out fear, And you will win the la - dy in the space of half a year; And'. The piano accompaniment has markings for 'cres.' and 'mf'. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

she will be your bride, your joy and your dear, And she will take a walk with you a - ny -

cres. *piu rall. f*

(HE.)

- where. O Ma-dam, I will give to you a lit - tle grey - hound, And

a tempo. p *p*

ev-'ry hair up-on its back shall cost a thousand pound, If you will be my bride, my joy and my dear, And

mf

(SHE.)

you will take a walk with me a - ny-where. O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a

mf

lit-tle greyhound, Though ev'ry hair up on its back did cost a thousand pound. I will not be your bride, your

joy nor your dear, And neither will I walk with you a - ny-where. My man John, here's

cres. *f* *f marcato.*

D.C. *Last verse. (HE.)*

fif - ty pounds for thee! I'd nev-er have won this la - dy fair if it had-n't a - been for thee; For

mf

now she'll be my bride, my joy and my dear, And now she'll take a walk with me a - ny - where.

marcato. *cres.* *f rall.*

MY MAN JOHN.

He.

- 1 My man John, what can the matter be,
That I should love the lady fair and she should not love me?
She will not be my bride, my joy nor my dear,
And neither will she walk with me anywhere.

John.

- 2 Court her, dearest Master, you court her without fear,
And you will win the lady in the space of half a year;
And she will be your bride, your joy and your dear,
And she will take a walk with you anywhere.

He.

- 3 O Madam, I will give to you a little greyhound,
And every hair upon its back shall cost a thousand pound,
If you will be my bride, my joy and my dear
And you will take a walk with me anywhere.

She.

- 4 O Sir, I won't accept of you a little greyhound,
Though every hair upon its back did cost a thousand pound.
I will not be your bride, your joy nor your dear,
And neither will I walk with you anywhere.

He.

- 5 My man John, what can the matter be? etc., etc.

John.

- 6 Court her, dearest Master, you court her without fear, etc., etc.

He.

- 7 O Madam, I will give to you a fine ivory comb,
To fasten up your silver locks when I am not at home,
If you will be my bride, my joy and my dear,
And you will take a walk with me anywhere.

She.

- 8 O Sir, I won't accept of you a fine ivory comb,
To fasten up my silver locks when you are not at home.
I will not be your bride, your joy nor your dear,
And neither will I walk with you anywhere.

He.

9 My man John, what can the matter be ? etc., etc.

John.

10 Court her, dearest Master, you court her without fear, etc., etc.

He.

11 O Madam, I will give to you a cushion full of pins,
To pin up your little baby's white mus-e-lins,
If you will be my bride, my joy and my dear,
And you will take a walk with me anywhere.

She.

12 O Sir, I won't accept of you a cushion full of pins,
To pin up my little baby's white mus-e-lins.
I will not be your bride, your joy nor your dear,
And neither will I walk with you anywhere.

He.

13 My man John, what can the matter be ? etc., etc.

John.

14 Court her, dearest Master, you court her without fear, etc., etc.

He.

15 O Madam, I will give to you the keys of my heart,
To lock it up for ever that we never more may part,
If you will be my bride, my joy and my dear,
And you will take a walk with me anywhere.

She.

16 O Sir, I will accept of you the keys of your heart ;
I'll lock it up for ever and we never more will part.
And I will be your bride, your joy and your dear,
And I will take a walk with you anywhere.

He.

17 My man John, here's fifty pounds for thee !
I'd never have won this lady fair if it hadn't a-been for thee ;
For now she'll be my bride, my joy and my dear,
And now she'll take a walk with me anywhere.

CXV. LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRY.

Allegro moderato.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato.' The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics for the first system are: 'As I looked o - ver the cas - tle wall To'. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'see what I could see, O what should I spy but my own father's ship Come a-'. The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: '- sail - ing a - long the sea,..... come a - sail - ing a - long the sea?'. The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'O what is the mat - ter, my daugh - ter Jane, That you do look so'. The piano accompaniment includes various dynamic markings: *mf*, *p*, *sfs*, *cres.*, *colla voce.*, and *mf*.

As I looked o - ver the cas - tle wall To

see what I could see, O what should I spy but my own father's ship Come a-

- sail - ing a - long the sea,..... come a - sail - ing a - long the sea?

O what is the mat - ter, my daugh - ter Jane, That you do look so

wan? I fear you have had some ill sick - ness, Or been

court - ing with some young man,..... or been court - ing with some young

man. O man.

LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRY.

- 1 As I looked over the castle wall
To see what I could see,
O what should I spy but my father's ship
Come a-sailing along the sea?

- 2 O what is the matter, my daughter Jane,
That you do look so wan?
I fear you have had some ill sickness,
Or been courting with some man.
- 3 O no ! I've not had an ill sickness,
Nor been courting with any young man ;
But I have been sick, and sick to my heart
Since you've been so long at sea.
- 4 O is it any noble, noble knight,
Or any gentleman ?
Or is it, by chance, that reckless lad
That has just returned from Spain?
- 5 O no ! it is not a noble, noble knight,
Nor any gentleman ;
But I have been wooed by young William
Who is one of your serving-men.
- 6 If you will marry my daughter Jane
And take her by the hand,
This day you shall sup and dine with me,
And be heir to all my land.
- 7 O I will marry your daughter Jane
And take her by the hand,
And to-day I will sup and dine with you ;
But a fig for all your land !
- 8 For I have houses and I have land,
And money at my command ;
And had it not been for your daughter Jane,
I was never your serving-man.

CXVI. THE GREEN WEDDING.

Allegro moderato.

There was a Squire lived in the East, a Squire of high de-gree, ... Who went

Allegro moderato.

f *p*

court-ing of a coun-try girl, a come-ly maid was she; But when her fa-ther heard of it, an

cres. *mf*

an-gry man was he, He re-quest-ed of his daugh-ter-dear to shun his com-pa-ny. To my

cres.

rall. *a tempo.* *più rall.*

ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do, ral-ly, dal-ly, day. To my ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do,

sffz *dim. e rall.* *mf a tempo.* *più rall.* *sffz*



THE GREEN WEDDING.

- 1 THERE was a Squire lived in the East, a Squire of high degree,
Who went courting of a country girl, a comely maid was she ;
But when her father heard of it, an angry man was he,
He requested of his daughter dear to shun his company.

To my rally, dally, dido,
Rally, dally, day.
- 2 There was a farmer lived close by, he had an only son,
Who came courting of this girl until her love he thought he'd won ;
Her mother gave him her consent, her father his likewise,
Until she cried : I am undone ! and tears fell from her eyes.
- 3 She wrote the Squire a letter, and sealed it with her hand,
And she said : This day I'm to be wed unto another man.
The first few lines he looked upon he smiled and thus did say :
O I may deprive him of his bride all on his wedding day.
- 4 He wrote her back another : Go dress yourself in green ;
In a suit all of the same at your wedding I'll be seen ;
In a suit all of the same to your wedding I'll repair,
O, my dearest dear, I'll have you yet in spite of all that's there.

- 5 He look-ed East, he look-ed West, he looked all o'er his land,
And there came to him full eight score men all of a Scottish band.
He mounted them on milk-white steeds, a single man rode he ;
Then all the way to the wedding-hall went the company dressed in green.
- 6 When he came to the wedding-hall, they unto him did say :
You are welcome, Sir, you're welcome, Sir, where have you spent the day ?
He laughed at them, he scorned at them, and unto them did say :
You may have seen my merry men come riding by this way.
- 7 The Squire he took a glass of wine and filled it to the brim :
Here is health unto the man, said he, the man they call the groom ;
Here's health unto the man, said he, who may enjoy his bride—
Though another man may love her too, and take her from his side.
- 8 Then up and spoke the farmer's son, an angry man was he :
If it is to fight that you come here, 'tis I'm the man for thee !
It's not to fight that I am here, but friendship for to show ;
So let me kiss your bonny bride, and away from thee I'll go.
- 9 He took her by the waist so small, and by the grass-green sleeve,
And he led from the wedding-hall, of no one asking leave.
The band did play, the bugles sound, most glorious to be seen,
And all the way to Headingbourne Town went the company dressed in green.

CXVII. FANNY BLAIR.

Allegro ma non troppo.

Allegro ma non troppo. Come all you young

f *dim.* *p*

fe - males, where - e - ver you be, Be - ware of false swear - ing and

false per - ju - ry ; For by a young fe - male I'm woun - ded full

mf

soon, You see I'm cut down in the height of my bloom.

p *dim.*

'Twas last Mon - day morn, as I lay on my bed, A

p *legato.*

young man came to me, and these words he said: Rise up! Tho - mas

mf

He - gan, and fly you else - where, For ven - geance is sworn you by

cres. *f colla voce.*

young Fan - ny Blair. O

mf *dim.* *cres. molto.* *mf* *p*

1st & 2nd times. *Third time.*

FANNY BLAIR.

- 1 COME all you young females, wherever you be,
 Beware of false swearing and false perjury ;
 For by a young female I'm wounded full soon,
 You see I'm cut down in the height of my bloom.
- 2 'Twas last Monday morn, as I lay on my bed,
 A young man came to me, and these words he said :
 Rise up ! Thomas Hegan, and fly you elsewhere,
 For vengeance is sworn you by young Fanny Blair.
- 3 O young Fanny Blair she is eighteen years old,
 And, as I must die, the truth I'll unfold ;
 I never stole with her in all my life time ;
 It's a hard thing to die for another one's crime.
- 4 The day of my trial Squire Vernon was there,
 And on the green table they handed Miss Blair.
 False oaths she's a-swearing I'm ashamed for to tell,
 Till the judge cried : There's someone has tutored you well.
- 5 The day that young Hegan was doom-ed to die
 The people rose up with a murmuring cry :
 If we catch her we'll crop her, she falsely has sworn,
 Young Hegan dies innocent we're all of us sure.
- 6 There's one favour more, which I beg of my friends—
 To take me to Bloomfield one night by themselves,
 And bury my body in Mary-le-mould.
 I pray that the great God will pardon my soul.

CXVIII. WILLIAM TAYLOR.

FIRST VERSION.

Moderato.

Moderato. O Wil - liam Tay - lor was a brisk young sail - or ;

f *mf* *p* *legato.*

He who court - ed a la - dy fair ; And bells were ring - ing and sail - ors sing - ing,

cres. *p* *cres.*

As to church they did re - pair. And thir - ty cou - ple were at the wed - ding ;

mf *mf* *p* *cres.*

All were dressed in rich ar - ray ; In - stead of Wil - liam be - ing mar - ried,

dim. *cres.* *mf*



WILLIAM TAYLOR.

FIRST VERSION.

- 1 O WILLIAM Taylor was a brisk young sailor ;
He who courted a lady fair ;
And bells were ringing and sailors singing,
As to church they did repair.
- 2 And thirty couple were at the wedding ;
All were dressed in rich array ;
Instead of William being married,
He was pressed and sent away.
- 3 Then she dressed up in man's apparel,
Man's apparel she put on ;
And then she followed her true lover ;
For to find him she is gone.
- 4 O then the Captain stepped up to her,
Asking her : What's brought you here ?
O I am come to seek my true love,
Whom I lately loved so dear.
- 5 If you have come to find your true love,
Tell me what his name may be.
O he is known as William Taylor,
From the Irish ranks came he.
- 6 If you rise early tomorrow morning,
You rise at the break of day ;
Then you shall see your true love William
Walking with a lady gay.
- 7 So she rose early the very next morning,
She rose up at break of day ;
And there she saw her true love William
Walking with a lady gay.
- 8 Then sword and pistol she did order
To be brought at her command ;
And then she shot her true love William
With the bride on his right arm.

CXIX. WILLIAM TAYLOR.

SECOND VERSION.

Con vivo.

Wil - liam Tay - lor was a brisk young sail - or ;

He who court - ed a la - dy fair ; Bells were ring - ing, sail - ors sing - ing,

As to church they did re - pair. Thir - ty cou - ple

at the wed - ding ; All were dressed in rich ar - ray ; 'Stead of Wil - liam

be - ing mar - ried, He was pressed and sent a - way.

She dressed up in man's ap - par - el, Man's ap - par - el she put on ;

And she fol - lowed her true lo - ver ; For to find him she is gone.

1st & 2nd times. 3rd time.

f *dim.* *p*

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

SECOND VERSION.

- 1 WILLIAM Taylor was a brisk young sailor ;
He who courted a lady fair ;
Bells were ringing, sailors singing,
As to church they did repair.
- 2 Thirty couple at the wedding ;
All were dressed in rich array ;
'Stead of William being married,
He was pressed and sent away.
- 3 She dressed up in man's apparel,
Man's apparel she put on ;
And she followed her true lover ;
For to find him she is gone.
- 4 Then the Captain stepped up to her,
Asking her : What's brought you here ?
I am come to seek my true love,
Whom I lately loved so dear.
- 5 If you've come to see your true love,
Tell me what his name may be.
O, his name is William Taylor,
From the Irish ranks came he.
- 6 You rise early tomorrow morning,
You rise at the break of day ;
Then you'll see your true love William
Walking with a lady gay.
- 7 She rose early the very next morning,
She rose up at break of day ;
There she saw her true love William,
Walking with a lady gay.
- 8 Sword and pistol she then ordered
To be brought at her command ;
And she shot her true love William,
With the bride on his right arm.
- 9 If young folks in Wells or London
Were served the same as she served he,
Then young girls would all be undone ;
Very scarce young men would be !

CXX. THE ROBBER.

Andante maestoso.

When I was eight - een I took a wife ; I loved her dear - ly as I

Andante maestoso.

mf sfz f

loved my life ; And to main - tain her both fine and gay,..... I went a - rob - bing, I

mf p cres.

went a rob - bing on the King's highway. I ne - ver robbed a - ny poor man yet, And

f sfz p e legato.

I was ne - ver in a tradesman's debt ; But I robbed the lords and the la - dies gay,..... And

mf

carried home the gold, And carried home the gold to my love straightway. To Cu-pid's gar-den I

did a-way, To Cu-pid's gar-den for to see the play; Lord Fi-ld-ing's gang there did

me pur-sue,..... And I was ta-ken, And I was ta-ken by the

1st time. curs-ed crew. My wick-ed youth. *2nd time.*

THE ROBBER.

- 1 WHEN I was eighteen I took a wife ;
I loved her dearly as I loved my life ;
And to maintain her both fine and gay,
I went a-robbing,
I went a-robbing on the King's highway.
- 2 I never robbed any poor man yet,
And I was never in a tradesman's debt ;
But I robbed the lords and the ladies gay,
And carried home the gold,
And carried home the gold to my love straightway.
- 3 To Cupid's garden I did away,
To Cupid's garden for to see the play ;
Lord Fielding's gang there did me pursue,
And I was taken,
And I was taken by the curs-ed crew.
- 4 My father cried : O, my darling son !
My wife she wept and cried : I am undone !
My mother tore her white locks and cried :
O, in his cradle,
O, in his cradle he should have died !
- 5 When I am dead and go to my grave,
A flashy funeral O let me have ;
Let none but bold robbers follow me,
Give them good broadswords,
Give them good broadswords and liberty.
- 6 May six pretty maidens bear up my pall,
And let them have white gloves and ribbons all ;
That they may say, when they speak the truth :
There goes a wild youth,
There goes a wild and a wicked youth.

CXXI. THE BRIERY BUSH.

Allegretto semplice. 8.

(1) O hang - man stay thy hand,..... And stay it for a while,..... For I
fa-ther have you my gold?..... And can you set me free? Or
I've not brought thee gold,..... And I can't set thee free; But

Allegretto semplice. 8.

p *Legato.* *cres.* *dim.*

fan - cy I see my fa-ther a-com-ing a-cross the yon - der stile. (2) O tree.
are you come to see me hung All on the gal-lows tree? (3) No,
I have come to see thee hung All on the gal-lows

O the bri - e - ry bush, That pricks my heart so sore;..... If I once get out of the

p *cres.* *dim.*

bri - e - ry bush, I'll ne-ver get in a - ny more... (5) O more.

1st & 2nd times. *D.C. dal 8.* *Last time.*

p

THE BRIERY BUSH.

- 1 O HANGMAN stay thy hand,
And stay it for a while,
For I fancy I see my father a-coming
Across the yonder stile.
- 2 O father have you my gold?
And can you set me free?
Or are you come to see me hung
All on the gallows tree?
- 3 No, I've not brought thee gold,
And I can't set thee free;
But I have come to see thee hung
All on the gallows tree.
- 4 O the briery bush.
That pricks my heart so sore;
If I once get out of the briery bush,
I'll never get in any more.

The above verses are repeated ad libitum, with the substitution of different relatives, e.g. "mother," "brother," "sister," etc., for "father." The arrival of the "true-love" brings the song to a close as follows:—

O hangman stay thy hand,
And stay it for a while,
For I fancy I see my true-love a-coming
Across the yonder stile.

O true-love have you my gold?
And can you set me free?
Or are you come to see me hung
All on the gallows tree?

O yes, I've brought thee gold,
And I can set thee free;
And I've not come to see thee hung
All on the gallows tree.

O the briery bush,
That pricks my heart so sore;
Now I've got out of the briery bush,
I'll never get in any more.

CXXII. CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON.

Allegro ma non troppo.

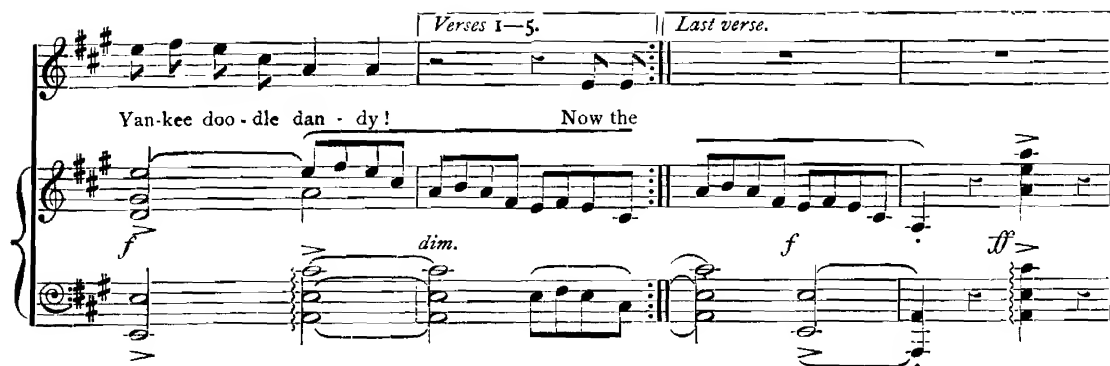
Allegro ma non troppo. O the Ches-a-peake so bold out of Bos-ton she was towed To

take an Eng-lish fri-gate neat and han-dy, O; And the peo-ple all in port, they came

out to see the sport, Whilst the mu-sic played up Yan-kee doo-dle dan-dy, O. Hi!

Yan-kee doo-dle-doo, Yan-kee doo-dle dan-dy! Hi! Yan-kee doo-dle doo,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Allegro ma non troppo'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The fourth system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *f*, *p*, *mf*, *cres.*, and *f*. The vocal part includes lyrics and a final 'Hi!'.



CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON.

- 1 O THE Chesapeake so bold out of Boston she was towed
To take an English frigate neat and handy, O ;
And the people all in port, they came out to see the sport,
Whilst the music played up Yankee doodle dandy, O.
Hi ! Yankee doodle doo, Yankee doodle dandy !
- 2 Now the British frigate's name, O that for the purpose came
To cool the Yankees' courage neat and handy, O,
Was the Shannon, Captain Broke, with his men all hearts of oak,
Who for fighting was allowed to be the dandy, O.
- 3 Just before the fight began, said the Yankees with much fun :
We'll tow her into Boston neat and handy, O ;
And then afterwards we'll dine with our sweethearts and our wives,
And we'll dance the jig called Yankee doodle dandy, O.
- 4 Now the fight had scarce begun when they flinch-ed from the guns,
Which they thought that they would fight so neat and handy, O ;
Then brave Broke he drew his sword, crying : Now my lads we'll board
And we'll stop them playing Yankee doodle dandy, O.
- 5 They no sooner heard the word than they quickly jumped on board,
And haul-ed down the ensign neat and handy, O.
Notwithstanding all their brag, soon the glorious British flag
At the Yankee's mizen-peak it looked the dandy, O.
- 6 Here's a health, my boys, to you, with your courage stout and true,
Who fought the Chesapeake so neat and handy, O ;
And may it ever prove that in fighting as in love
That the true British sailor is the dandy, O.
Hi ! Yankee doodle doo, Yankee doodle dandy !

CXXIII. HEAVE AWAY, MY JOHNNY.

SEA CHANTY.

Allegretto grazioso.
(THE CHANTY.)

As I walked out one fine morn-ing All in the month of

Allegretto grazioso.
p

This system contains the first musical staff with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The vocal line begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

(CHORUS.)

May, Heave a - way,..... my John - ny, Heave a - way.....

mf

This system contains the first chorus. The vocal line has a long note for 'May' followed by a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking.

(THE CHANTY.)

..... I o - ver took a fair pret - ty maid, And un - to her did

p

This system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

(CHORUS.)

say. Heave a - way,..... my jol - ly boys, We're all bound a -

f

This system contains the second chorus. The vocal line has a long note for 'say' followed by a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

(THE CHANTY.)

- way. O where are you go - ing to, my pret - ty maid? I un - to her did

(CHORUS.)

say. Heave a - way, my John - ny, Heave a - way.....

(THE CHANTY.)

..... I'm go - ing a milk - ing, sir, she said, All in the month of

(CHORUS.)

May. Heave a - way, my jol - ly boys, We're all bound a -



HEAVE AWAY, MY JOHNNY.

SEA CHANTY.

The Chanty. 1 As I walked out one fine morning
All in the month of May,

Chorus. Heave away, my Johnny,
Heave away.

The Chanty. I overtook a fair pretty maid,
And unto her did say.

Chorus. Heave away, my jolly boys,
We're all bound away.

The Chanty. 2 O where are you going to, my pretty maid ?
I unto her did say.

Chorus. Heave away, my Johnny,
Heave away.

The Chanty. I'm going a milking, sir, she said,
All in the month of May.

Chorus. Heave away, my jolly boys,
We're all bound away.

The Chanty. 3 Shall I go with you, my fair pretty maid ?
I unto her did say.

Chorus. Heave away, my Johnny,
Heave away.

The Chanty. O yes, if you please, kind sir, she said,
All in the month of May.

Chorus. Heave away, my jolly boys,
We're all bound away.

The Chanty. 4 O what is your father, my pretty maid ?
I unto her did say.

Chorus. Heave away, my Johnny.
Heave away.

The Chanty. My father's a farmer, kind sir, she said,
All in the month of May.

Chorus. Heave away, my jolly boys,
We're all bound away.

The Chanty. 5 O what is your fortune, my fair pretty maid ?
I unto her did say.

Chorus. Heave away, my Johnny,
Heave away.

The Chanty. My face is my fortune, sir, she said,
All in the month of May.

Chorus. Heave away, my jolly boys,
We're all bound away.

The Chanty. 6 Then I cannot marry you, my pretty maid,
I unto her did say.

Chorus. Heave away, my Johnny,
Heave away.

The Chanty. Nobody asked you, sir, she said,
All in the month of May.

Chorus. Heave away, my jolly boys,
We're all bound away.

CXXIV. SPANISH LADIES.

SEA CHANTY.

Moderato.

Moderato. Fare - well and a - dieu to

f *p* *marcato.*

you Span - ish la - dies, Fare - well and a - dieu to you la - dies of

cres.

Spain; For we've re - ceived or - ders for to sail for old Eng-land, But we

mp *cres.* *f*

hope in a short time to see you a - gain.

più rall. cres. *sfz a tempo.*

CHORUS.

We will rant and we'll roar like true Bri - tish sai - lors, We'll

sfz *f* *mf*

rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas, Un - til we strike

cres. *f*

sound - ings in the chan - nel of old Eng - land: From U - shant to Scil - ly is

f

Verses 1-4. Last verse.

thir - ty - five leagues. lass.

più rall. *a tempo.* *dim.* *cres.* *ff rall.*

sfz *sfz*

SPANISH LADIES.

SEA CHANTY.

- 1 FAREWELL and adieu to you Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain ;
For we've received orders for to sail for old England,
But we hope in a short time to see you again.

Chorus. We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England :
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

- 2 We hove our ship to, with the wind from sou'-west, boys,
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take ;
'Twas forty-five fathoms with a white sandy bottom,
So we squared our main yard and up channel did make.

Chorus. We will rant, etc., etc.

- 3 The first land we sighted was call-ed the Dodman,
Next Rame Head off Plymouth, off Portsmouth the Wight ;
We sail-ed by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dover,
And then we bore up for the South Foreland light.

Chorus. We will rant, etc., etc.

- 4 Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
And all in the Downs that night for to lie ;
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper !
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly !

Chorus. We will rant, etc., etc.

- 5 Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper,
And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass ;
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,
And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass.

Chorus. We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England :
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

CXXV. THE TEN JOYS OF MARY.

Allegretto.

The

first great joy that Ma - ry had, It was the joy of one, To

see her own Son Je - sus To suck at her breast bone ; To

suck at her breast bone, good man, How hap - py may you be ; O

Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, And Christ to e - ter - ni - ty.

Verses 1-8. || *Last verse.*

The

p

THE TEN JOYS OF MARY.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

- 1 THE first great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of one,
To see her own Son Jesus
To suck at her breast bone ;
To suck at her breast bone, good man,
How happy may you be ;
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And Christ to eternity.
- 2 The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of two,
To see her own Son Jesus
To bring the lame to go ;
To bring the lame to go, good man,
How happy may you be ;
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And Christ to eternity.

- 3 The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of three,
To see her own Son Jesus
To bring the blind to see ;
To bring the blind, etc., etc.
- 4 The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of four,
To see her own Son Jesus
To read the Bible o'er ;
To read the Bible, etc., etc.
- 5 The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of five,
To see her own Son Jesus
To bring the dead to life ;
To bring the dead, etc., etc.
- 6 The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of six,
To see her own Son Jesus
To bear the crucifix ;
To bear the crucifix, etc., etc.
- 7 The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of seven,
To see her own Son Jesus
To wear the crown of Heaven ;
To wear the crown, etc., etc.
- 8 The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of eight,
To see her own Son Jesus
To bring the crooked straight ;
To bring the crooked straight, etc., etc.
- 9 The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of nine,
To see her own Son Jesus
Turn water into wine ;
Turn water into wine, etc., etc.
- 10 The next great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of ten,
To see her own Son Jesus
Bring up ten gentlemen ;
Bring up ten gentlemen, good man,
How happy may you be ;
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And Christ to eternity.

CXXVI. A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Moderato.

Moderato. Come all you worth-y gen - tle-men that may be stand-ing

by Christ our Bles-sed Sa - viour was born on Christ-mas Day. The

Bles-sed Vir-gin Ma - ry Un - to the Lord did say. O we wish you the

com - fort and ti - dings of joy! joy!

1st & 2nd times. *3rd time.*

mf *p* *cres.*

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' and the key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'Come all you worth-y gen - tle-men that may be stand-ing' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings 'mf' and 'p'. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'by Christ our Bles-sed Sa - viour was born on Christ-mas Day. The'. The piano part includes a 'cres.' marking. The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'Bles-sed Vir-gin Ma - ry Un - to the Lord did say. O we wish you the'. The piano part includes 'mf' and 'f' markings. The fourth system concludes the piece with the lyrics 'com - fort and ti - dings of joy! joy!'. It features a repeat sign for the first two lines of the system, labeled '1st & 2nd times.', followed by a final line labeled '3rd time.'. The piano part includes 'mf' and 'p' markings.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

1 COME all you worthy gentlemen
 That may be standing by,
 Christ our Blessed Saviour
 Was born on Christmas Day.
 The Blessed Virgin Mary
 Unto the Lord did say.
O we wish you the comfort and tidings of joy !

2 Christ our Blessed Saviour
 Now in the manger lay—
 He's lying in the manger,
 While the oxen feed on hay.
 The Blessed Virgin Mary
 Unto the Lord did say.
O we wish you the comfort and tidings of joy !

3 God bless the ruler of this house,
 And long on may he reign,
 Many happy Christmases
 He live to see again !
 God bless our generation,
 Who live both far and near
And we wish them a Happy, a Happy New Year !

CXXVII. NEW YEAR'S SONG.

Allegro moderato.

Allegro moderato. I wish you mer-ry Christ-mas and a hap-py new

year, Your pock-ets full of mo-ney and your bar-rels full of beer; So and I

wish you all a hap-py new year, new year, new year, So and I wish you all a

hap-py new year. The

1st & 2nd times. *3rd time.*

mf *p* *cres.* *f* *dim.*

NEW YEAR'S SONG.

- 1 I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year,
Your pockets full of money and your barrels full of beer ;
So and I wish you all a happy new year, new year, new year,
So and I wish you all a happy new year.
- 2 The old year it is past and the new year it is come,
And all the jolly soldiers are beating on the drum ;
So and I wish, etc., etc.
- 3 Here's a health to you in water, I wish it was in wine ;
And all the money you have got, I'm sure it's none of mine;
So and I wish, etc., etc.
- 4 Here's a health unto our Master and Mistress likewise,
And all the pretty family around the fireside ;
So and I wish you all a happy new year, new year, new year,
So and I wish you all a happy new year.

CXXVIII. THE APPLE TREE WASSAIL.

Allegretto.

Old ap - ple tree we'll was - sail thee, And ho - ping thou wilt bear..... The

Allegretto.

p

Lord does know where we shall be To be mer - ry an - o - ther year..... To

mf

blow well and to bear well And so mer - ry let us be..... Let ev - 'ry man drink

f

1st time. *2nd time.*

up his cup And health to the old ap - ple tree..... To health to the old ap - ple tree.

mf *f* FINE.

THE APPLE TREE WASSAIL.

OLD apple tree we'll wassail thee
And hoping thou wilt bear ;
The Lord does know where we shall be
To be merry another year.
To blow well and to bear well,
And so merry let us be ;
Let every man drink up his cup,
And health to the old apple tree.

Spoken. Apples now, hatfulls, capfulls, three-bushel bagfulls,
tallets ole fulls, barn's floor fulls, little heap under
the stairs.

Hip, hip, hip, hooroo !
Hip, hip, hip, hooroo !
Hip, hip, hip, hooroo !
(Shout, stamp and fire off guns).

CXXIX. WASSAIL SONG.

FIRST VERSION.

Moderato.

Moderato. Was - sail and was - sail..... all o - ver the

town, The cup it is white and the ale it is brown; The

cup it is made of the good old ash - en tree, And so is our

beer of the best bar - ley. To you a was - sail! Aye, and

più lento. *a tempo.*

più lento. *mf a tempo.*

mf marcato. *cres.* *f* *mf*

mf *p*

joy come to our jol - ly was - sail. O maid, O

mf *p*

maid, with your sil - ver-head-ed pin, Pray o - pen the door and

mf marcato.

let us all in, All for to fill our was - sail bowl and so a - way a -

cres. *f* *mf*

- gain. To you a was - sail ! Aye, and joy come to our

più lento. *a tempo.* *mf a tempo.* *p*



WASSAIL SONG.

FIRST VERSION.

- I WASSAIL and wassail all over the town,
 The cup it is white and the ale it is brown ;
 The cup it is made of the good old ashen tree,
 And so is our beer of the best barley.
 To you a wassail !
 Aye, and joy come to our jolly wassail.
- 2 O maid, O maid, with your silver-headed pin,
 Pray open the door and let us all in,
 All for to fill our wassail bowl and so away again.
 To you a wassail !
 Aye, and joy come to our jolly wassail.
- 3 O maid, O maid, with your glove and your mace,
 Pray come unto this door and show your pretty face,
 For we are truly weary of standing in this place.
 To you a wassail !
 Aye, and joy come to our jolly wassail.
- 4 O Master and Mistress, if you are so well pleased
 Pray set all on your table your white loaf and your cheese,
 And put forth your roast beef, your porrops and your pies.
 To you a wassail !
 Aye, and joy come to our jolly wassail.
- 5 O Master and Mistress, if we've done any harm,
 Pray pull fast this door and let us pass along,
 And give us hearty thanks for singing of our song.
 To you a wassail !
 Aye, and joy come to our jolly wassail.

CXXX. WASSAIL SONG.

SECOND VERSION.

Andante.

Was - sail! and was -

mf *p*

- sail!..... all o - ver the town; The cup it is

white and the ale it is brown; The cup it is made of the

mf

good ash - en tree, And so is the malt of the



best bar - ley. For it's your was - sail! And it's

The first system of the musical score for 'Wassail Song'. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: 'best bar - ley. For it's your was - sail! And it's'.

our was - sail! And it's joy be to you, and a

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'our was - sail! And it's joy be to you, and a'.

Last verse.
jol - ly was - sail!

The third system of the musical score, marked 'Last verse.'. The lyrics are: 'jol - ly was - sail!'. The piano part includes dynamic markings *mf* and *p*.

WASSAIL SONG.

SECOND VERSION.

- I Wassail! and wassail! all over the town;
The cup it is white and the ale it is brown;
The cup it is made of the good ashen tree,
And so is the malt of the best barley.

For it's your wassail! and it's our wassail!
And it's joy be to you, and a jolly wassail!

- 2 O Master and Missus, are you all within ?
Pray open the door and let us come in.
O Master and Missus a-sitting by the fire,
Pray think upon poor travellers, a-travelling in the mire.

For it's your wassail ! and it's our wassail !
And it's joy be to you, and a jolly wassail !

- 3 O where is the maid, with the silver-headed pin,
To open the door and let us come in ?
O Master and Missus, it is our desire
A good loaf and cheese, and a toast by the fire.

For it's your wassail ! and it's our wassail !
And it's joy be to you, and a jolly wassail !

- 4 There was an old man, and he had an old cow,
And how for to keep her he didn't know how,
He built up a barn for to keep his cow warm,
And a drop or two of cider will do us no harm.

No harm, boys, harm ; no harm, boys, harm ;
And a drop or two of cider will do us no harm.

- 5 The girt dog of Langport he burnt his long tail,
And this is the night we go singing wassail !
O Master and Missus, now we must be gone ;
God bless all in this house till we do come again.

For it's your wassail ! and it's our wassail !
And it's joy be to you, and a jolly wassail !

(Spoken in Chorus.)

*God bless Master and Missus and all the family, and we
wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and
many of them.*

NOTES ON THE SONGS

BY

THE MUSICAL EDITOR.



No. 105. THE LARK IN THE MORN.

Words and air from Mr. William Stokes, of Chew Stoke.



HIS is the only version of this song that I have noted in Somerset, though I have come across it in Devon. Dr. Vaughan-Williams has published an Essex variant in *Folk-Songs from the Eastern Counties*; Mr. Baring-Gould one in *A Garland of Country Song*; and Mr. Frank Kidson two Yorkshire versions, "The Pretty Ploughboy," in *The Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, II, 272, and in his *Traditional Tunes*, p. 145. The Somerset air is quite distinct from all of these. My Devon singer gave me five stanzas, and there are several verses on the broadside mentioned by Mr. Baring-Gould in the note to his song in *The Garland*. As, however, the extra verses seem to me to detract from rather than to add to the beauty of the song, I have thought it better to dispense with them, and to print the words just as I noted them down from Mr. Stokes.

No. 106. JENNY OF THE MOOR.

Words and air from Mr. Amos Ash, of Combe Florey.

No variants. The tune has some Irish characteristics and has points in common with "Farewell, Nancy" (No. 76). Like many major folk-tunes, it is strongly influenced by the æolian mode.

The song is included in this Collection solely on account of its tune. The words are very poor and were, I suspect, learned "off a ballet," though I have not yet come across any broadside containing them. Except for a few obvious and necessary alterations I have not attempted to "improve" the words, but have left them with all their crudities, just as Mr. Ash sang them.

No. 107. BEDLAM.

Words and tune from Mr. Jack Barnard, of Bridgwater.

I have noted only one variant of this song in Somerset, from Mr. Charles Ash, of Crowcombe.

Mad songs are very common in English folk-song ; cf. "Bedlam City" (*English County Songs* p. 71) ; "Through Moorfields" (*English Traditional Songs and Carols*, p. 6) ; "I'll love my love" (*Folk-Song Journal* II, 93) ; "The Loyal Lover" (*Songs of the West*, No. 92 ; and *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, No. 38.)

The Somerset tune is quite different from all of these.

For words only, see Garret's *Newcastle Garlands*, vols. I and II, and Logan's *A Pedlar's Pack of Ballads and Songs*, pp. 172-189. A few of Mr. Barnard's lines are in one or other of the versions above quoted, but his words as a whole are different from all of them.

The tune is, frankly, a harmonic melody of no great antiquity, and some of its phrases are not unfamiliar. The concluding strain, however, strikes me as a very beautiful one.

No. 108. BLACKBIRDS AND THRUSHES.

Words from Mr. George Wyatt, of East Harptree ; tune from Mrs. Chapman, of Ubley.

Mrs. Lock of Muchelney and Mr. Say of Axbridge also sang me versions of this song, but, like Mrs. Chapman, neither of them could recall more than a single verse of the words. I have, however, used one of the lines that Mrs. Lock gave me, viz., the second line of the second stanza. Mr. Wyatt's words were rather corrupt, and I have had to amend them in several small particulars.

No. 109. THE BARLEY MOW.

Words and tune from Mr. Charles Neville, of East Coker.

I have taken down variants of this song at Langport, Hambridge, and Winford ; and also one at Hamstreet, in Kent. The Somerset versions are all more or less alike except, perhaps, the Hambridge one, which is constructed on rather different lines. The "Barlow Mow" used to be in great request at Harvest Homes, but I do not find that it is sung very frequently nowadays.

Chappell, without stating its origin, prints a traditional version in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, (p. 745), and connects it with one of the Freeman's Songs in *Deuteromelia*. In Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry of England* two versions of the words are printed, one from the West country, which is closely allied to the Somerset song, and a Suffolk variant. In a note to the former it is stated that the song was usually sung at country meetings immediately after the ceremony of "crying the neck," a custom of which I have found traces in Somerset.

When I heard the song in Kent it was sung in a room full of men who joined very heartily in the chorus, and with admirable effect. But I have never heard it

sung in company in Somerset. When Mr. Neville sang it to me the chorus was sustained by his son, whom I helped as well as I could.

The "Barley Mow" is one of the simplest examples of the accumulative song and, lending itself so easily to improvisation, it probably corresponds in type to the most primitive folk-song.

A good singer, proud of his memory, will sometimes lengthen the song to abnormal proportions by halving the drink-measures, half-pint, half-quart, half-gallon, and so on.

NO. 110. THE SPRIG OF THYME.

Words and air from Mr. George Say, of Axbridge.

Although the two songs, "The Seeds of Love" and "The Sprig of Thyme" are very closely connected, it is, I think, quite possible to distinguish them, both in tune and words. "The Sprig of Thyme" is, I imagine, the older of the two. Its tune is usually modal, very sad and intense, and somewhat rugged and forceful in character; while its words are abstract and reflective, and sometimes difficult of interpretation. On the other hand, the words of "The Seeds of Love," although symbolical, are quite clear in their meaning; they are more modern in their diction and are usually sung to a bright flowing melody, generally in the major mode.

Mr. Say's air is very much like the tune collected by Mr. H. E. D. Hammond and published under the same title in *Folk-Songs from Dorset*, No. 5. The Dorset version is, however, a strong rhythmical march-like melody, whereas Mr. Say sang his song much more slowly and tenderly.

I have taken down in Somerset twenty-four versions of this dual-song. The words in the text are partly Mr. Say's and partly derived from my other versions.

NO. 111. THE PRETTY PLOUGHING BOY.

Words and tune from Mr. Charles Ash, of Crowcombe.

I have collected two good variants of this song in Somerset, one from Mr. William Stokes of Chew Stoke, the other from the late Mr. Fackrell of Bridgwater. I have also noted the song in Devonshire, and from a London street singer. Mr. Ash gave me a full set of words from which the verses in the text have in the main been compiled, although I have made some small use of both of the other Somerset versions. Mr. Ash has a strong predilection for the dorian mode and he varied his phrases in the different stanzas in a very remarkable and beautiful way.

There is an interesting variant of this ballad in *Songs of the West*, No. 59, with a beautiful tune (quite unlike Mr. Ash's) and a fine set of traditional words. In the *Folk-Song Journal* there are two versions, contributed respectively by Mr. Merrick (I, 132) and Dr. Vaughan-Williams (II, 146). The words of these two versions, as well as my Somerset one, follow very closely the broadside copies by Fortey and Jackson.

No. 112. MARY IN THE SILVERY TIDE.

Words and air from Mr. William Walter, of Wells.

I have noted variants of this ballad at Combe Florey and at Bridgwater. Mr. Walter's words were very fragmentary, so I have made generous use of my other versions.

Mr. Walter is a very old man and is now ending his days in the Union at Wells. He was a dowser by trade and he told me many amusing adventures that he had experienced in the practice of his profession. More dowsers come from Somerset, I believe, than from any other part of England.

A Sussex variant of this ballad, collected by Miss Lucy Broadwood, is printed in the *Folk-Song Journal* I, 216. The words are very nearly the same as those of the Somerset version here printed (*cf.* broadside by Such), but the tune is quite a different one.

Mr. Walter's air reminds me of a popular street-song, "Killiecrankie," which a few years ago all the London piano organs were playing. I suspect that the latter, which must not be confounded with the well known Scottish air "The braes of Killiecrankie," was an adaptation of an old air, which, however, I have not been able to trace.

No. 113. DRIVING AWAY AT THE SMOOTHING IRON.

Words and air from Mrs. Jane Gulliford, of Combe Florey.

I have noted down two other versions of this song in Somerset, one of which, collected at Hambridge, is very similar to that here printed. The tune is a variant of "All round my hat," a popular street-song of the early years of last century. Chappell in his *Ancient English Melodies*, prints a version of the air (No. 126), and calls it "a Somersetshire tune, the original of 'All round my hat.'" It is certainly popular in Somerset, as I have heard it sung to other ballads than this one. I believe it to be a genuine folk-air which, as in other cases, formed the basis of a street song.

So far as I know this song has not been printed before, at least with a tune. It is possible that it may have some connection with the well known singing-game "Jenny Jones."

No. 114. MY MAN JOHN.

Words and air from Mr. Charles Neville, of East Coker.

I have taken down three other versions of this song in Somerset, at Huish, Langport, and Combe Florey; and a fourth in Devon from one of Miss Priscilla Wyatt-Edgell's folk-singers.

The scheme of the song is, of course, an elaboration of that of "The Keys of Canterbury" (No. 63) and "O No John" (No. 94), with the addition of a third character, "My man John." The final offer, which succeeds in overcoming the lady's opposition, varies in different versions. In the Devon variant it is "The Keys

of Canterbury"; in the Huish song "A Little Diamond Ring"; while "The Keys of my Heart" was derived from Mrs. Gulliford of Combe Florey. I have substituted this latter verse in the text in the place of Mr. Neville's, which would scarcely bear reproduction.

In a very amusing form of this song, collected by Mr. Baring-Gould, the climax is achieved in the following way :—

My man John, truly your advice
 How to win the lady fair seemeth very nice
 If it's gold that will win her.
 But my purse is empty, and I've changed my mind;
 Let her go and hang herself if she be inclined!
 For I will not walk with her!

See also another version from Devon, quoted in the note to "Blue Muslin" in *Songs of the West*, (No. 22). In the same place Mr. Baring-Gould mentions that muslin was first introduced into England in 1670, and cork (see "Keys of Canterbury") in 1690; and he adds "both are spoken of as novelties, and muslin is sung to the old form of the word, mous-e-line."

The seventh and eighth verses about "the ivory comb" were sung by the Devon singer.

No. 115. LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRY.

Words and air from Mr. Gordge, of Bridgwater.

I have taken down three other versions of this ballad in Somerset; at Bridgwater, Cannington and Chew Stoke.

I have had to omit some of the words which Mr. Gordge sang to me, and to supplement the rest with extracts from the versions given me by the other singers. All the four tunes which I have noted down are of the same type, and they remind me of "Greenland Fishery" or of "The Golden Vanity."

The ballad is nearly identical with the Scottish ballad of "Lord Thomas of Winesberry" and that is my excuse for appropriating that title. Scottish versions are printed in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads of the North of Scotland* (II, 212) and in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 89. Kinloch makes an attempt to connect the subject of the ballad with "the secret expedition of James V, to France, in 1536, in search of a wife," which seems more ingenious than probable. In Buchan's version, Thomas is chamberlain to the daughter of the king of France, who wanted none of her riches, as he had

... thirty ploughs and three;
 And four an' twenty bonny breast mills,
 All on the water of Dee.

Under the heading of "Willie o' Winsbury," Child treats the ballad very exhaustively (*English and Scottish Ballads*, No. 100). He gives a version from Motherwell's MS. in which the curious line "But a fig for all your land" occurs. Shakespeare uses the same expression "A fig for Peter" (2 Henry VI., ii, 3).

Five verses of the ballad are given in *Notes and Queries* (5th series VII, 387) "as heard sung years ago by a West Country fisherman." As Mr. Hammond has noted down more than one version in Dorset, the song has evidently taken root in the West of England.

NO. 116. THE GREEN WEDDING.

Tune from Mr. Charles Neville, of East Coker; words from Mr. Robert Parish, of Exford.

Mr. Neville sang this air to a ballad called "The Boatsman and the Tailor," the words of which were too boisterous and free to reproduce here. I have therefore substituted the words of "The Green Wedding," which Mr. Parish sang to me some years ago to a variant of the well known air "The Banks of Sweet Dundee."

Mr. Neville's tune is a mixolydian variant of the "Cobbler" air. The introduction of the minor third of the scale in the refrain, followed almost immediately by the major third, is very curious and unusual in English folk-song.

Miss Gilchrist has very kindly and pertinently called my attention to the close connection between "The Green Wedding" and the Scottish ballad "Katharine Janfarie," or "Jaffray," upon which Scott founded his ballad of "Lochinvar" in *Marmion* (See Child's *English and Scottish Ballads: Motherwell's Minstrelsy*; Sidgwick's *Popular Ballads of the Olden Time*; and Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1st and 3rd editions).

In the Scottish ballad Katharine is wooed first by the Laird of Lauderdale, who wins her consent, and secondly by Lord Lochinvar "out frae the English Border," who however omitted to avow his love to Katharine "till on her wedding e'en." The rivals meet at the "wedding house" and, in the fight that ensues, Katharine is carried off by her Scottish lover.

Whether the Somerset ballad is simply a corrupt and incomplete version of the Scottish one, it is difficult to say. Although the two have several lines in common there is something in the plot of "The Green Wedding" which, despite its obscurity, seems to indicate a motive which is absent from "Katharine Janfarie." The scheme of Mr. Parish's story appears to turn upon the dressing in green of both hero and heroine at the wedding feast, but the purpose of this device is not clear. This, however, presented no difficulty to Mr. Parish, who, when I asked him why the hero dressed in green, said "Because, you see, he had told his true-love to dress in green also"; and when I further enquired why he told her to do this, he said "Because, of course, he was going to put on a green dress himself"—and there was clearly nothing more to be said!

It is just possible, as Miss Gilchrist observes, that the reference to the green dress may be a reminiscence of "Robin Hood and Allan-a-dale"; or, perhaps, it has been suggested by the following stanza which occurs in "Katharine Janfarie":—

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He's mounted her hie behind himself,
At her kinsmen speir'd na leave.

NO. 117. FANNY BLAIR.

Words and air from Mr. George Say, of Axbridge.

Mr. Say's words were very corrupt and almost unintelligible. Dr. Gardiner, who had recovered the same song in Hampshire, kindly placed his versions at my disposal, but they also were very incomplete. Mr. Kidson, however, came to my rescue, as he has often done before, and sent me a transcript of the words from a ballad-sheet by Such, which he possesses. This copy, with a few but necessary alterations, I have reproduced in the text.

The tune is a very curious one. Mr. Say varied both the third and seventh notes of the mode, sometimes singing them major and sometimes minor. This he did almost capriciously, so that I can only give the tune in the form in which he most frequently sang it. I have stated elsewhere (*English Folk-Song*, pp. 71-2) that in my experience English folk-singers very rarely vary the notes of their mode, except in mixolydian-dorian tunes. Mr. Percy Grainger's researches in Lincolnshire, however, (*Folk-Song Journal*, No. 12) appear to show that this feeling for the pure diatonic scale is not shared by the folk-singers of that county.

Nos. 118 and 119. WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Tunes from Mr. Jack Barnard, of Bridgwater, and Mr. James Lovell, of Ball's Cover, respectively.

This is a favourite song with folk-singers all over England. I have taken down nine versions in Somerset. The tune is always of the same type, usually major, or mixolydian as in Mr. Lovell's version, and is closely related to the tune of "O No, John" (No. 94), and of "The Keys of Heaven," *English County Songs* (p. 32). As these last two songs are much older than "William Taylor," the tune, apparently, has been transferred from them to the more modern ballad. Mr. Barnard's air is the only one with a minor third that I have heard in Somerset, but Mr. Percy Grainger has printed another and very similar tune in *The Folk-Song Journal* (XII, p. 214), which he collected in Lincolnshire; and Mr. H. E. D. Hammond has also recovered one in the dorian mode in Dorset. See also the tune of "The Disdainful Lady" in Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 652.

The first three verses in the text were given me by Mrs. Hooper of Hambridge, and the next five by Mrs. Pike of Somerton. The ninth verse of the second version was sung to me by Miss Moger of East Harptree.

"William Taylor" must have had a great vogue at the beginning of the last century, as an amusing burlesque of the words appeared in 1825 in *The Universal Songster*, II, 691.

No. 120. THE ROBBER.

Tune from Mr. George Say, of Axbridge; words from Mr. Charles Ash, of Crowcombe.

The words to which Mr. Say sang this tune were about a highwayman and his love, but they were too fragmentary to publish. I have not met with the words before and I have been unable to find them on any broadside. As the tune is, in my opinion, an extremely fine one I have wedded it to another and somewhat similar set of words which I recovered from Mr. Ash. I have taken down versions of these latter words from other singers in Somerset and elsewhere, and Mr. Merrick prints a Sussex variant, "In Newry Town," in *The Folk-Song Journal*, I., p. 114. See also "Flash Lad" in Dr. Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*, p. 34.

I know nothing whatever about the tune, nor am I able to connect it with any other English folk-air.

No. 121. THE BRIERY BUSH.

Words and air from Mrs. Overd, of Langport.

This is the only version that I have myself collected in Somerset, but the Rev. D. M. Ross has very kindly sent me a variant that was noted down in Langport some years ago by Miss Bertha Paul. The two are almost exactly alike.

The verses printed in the text are as Mrs. Overd sang them with the exception of the last one, which I have borrowed from the other Langport version; Mrs. Overd sang the final refrain without alteration.

Another Somerset variant, collected by Mr. Heywood Sumner, is printed in *English County Songs*, (p. 112.) It is very similar to mine except that a man is ransomed by a maid, instead of *vice versa*, and the word "prickly" is used for "briery" in the refrain.

Under the heading of "The Maid freed from the Gallows" Child (*English and Scottish Ballads* No. 95), gives several versions and shows that the ballad is very generally known throughout Northern and Southern Europe—nearly fifty versions have been collected in Finland. In the foreign forms of the ballad the victim usually falls into the hands of corsairs or pirates, who demand ransom, but none of the English versions account in any way for the situation.

Child also quotes another English variant communicated by Dr. Birkbeck Hill in 1890, "as learned forty years before from a schoolfellow who came from the North of Somerset." This is very much like Mrs. Overd's version, the first two lines of the refrain running:—

Oh the briers, prickly briers,
Come prick my heart so sore.

Since all the published English versions have been discovered in Somerset the ballad must have some particular attraction for the singers of that county. Mr. H. P. Hansell, however, tells me that he has heard the song in Norfolk, and Dr. Gardiner has found it in Hampshire.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould in the appendix to Henderson's *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England*, 1866, (p. 333), gives a Yorkshire story, "The Golden Ball," which concludes with verses very similar to those of "The Briery Bush." A man gives a ball to each of two maidens with the condition that if either of them loses the ball she is to be hanged. The younger, while playing, tosses her ball over a park-paling; the ball rolls away over the grass into a house and is seen no more. She is condemned to be hanged and calls upon her father, mother, etc., for assistance, her lover finally procuring her release by producing the lost ball.

Child quotes a Cornish variant of the same story, communicated to him by Mr. Baring-Gould.

That the ballad is a very ancient one may be inferred from the peculiar form of its construction—sometimes called "the climax of relatives." The same scheme is used in the latter half of "Lord Rendal," No. 23, and is one that lends itself very readily to improvisation.

No. 122. THE CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON.

Words and air from Captain Lewis, of Minehead.

This is, of course, a well known and very popular school song. I have already published it in its usual form in *A Book of British Song*, No. 24, but the Somerset

version is so spirited, particularly its chorus, that I have felt justified in including it in this Collection.

The tune is generally known as "Eveleen's Bower" from the words which Moore wrote to it, under the mistaken belief that it was an Irish air. As a matter of fact the melody is an English one, "Pretty Peg of Derby, O" (see Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 771).

There are three different broadside versions of this ballad. Two of them are on a single ballad-sheet by Such (No. 154), and the third is in Logan's *The Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, p. 71.

Captain Lewis gave me four stanzas of the last mentioned version from which I have taken the fifth. Lieut. W. Kettlewell, R.N., very kindly looked through the words and revised them in one or two small particulars.

The celebrated fight, which is popularly recorded in this ballad, took place during the war with America on June 1st, 1813. Up to that date our successes on land had been more than neutralized by our failures at sea. When, therefore, the Shannon a frigate of 38 guns, under Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke, sailed into Boston Bay and challenged to single combat the Chesapeake, an American frigate of 49 guns and a crew of 440 men, the Americans anticipated an easy victory. The Chesapeake, surrounded by a crowd of pleasure boats sailed out and engaged the Shannon in the full view of those on shore. The fight was short and decisive, lasting but a quarter of an hour. After the exchange of two or three broadsides the Shannon sailed alongside the Chesapeake, boarded her and captured her, and to the mortification of the hundreds of sightseers sailed out to sea with her prize.

Captain Lawrence of the Chesapeake was mortally wounded during the action, and Broke sustained a wound in the head, which eventually led to his death in 1841. Broke was created a Baronet in 1813, and became rear-admiral in 1830.

No. 123. HEAVE AWAY MY JOHNNY.

Words and air from Captain Vickery, of Minehead.

This is a capstan chanty, *i.e.* one that is sung by sailors when walking or running round the capstan to weigh anchor. The lines allotted to the chanty-man, particularly in "pulling" chanties, are always more or less vague and indefinite, being usually improvised. The nursery words "Where are you going to?" are often sung by the chanty-man when the streams of invention have run dry. But I think that they must have some special connection with this chanty, as a London sailor also sang them to me in a version of the same song.

For other versions with different words but similar tunes, see *Music of the Waters*, p. 54, and Tozer's *Sailors' Songs*, p. 8.

No. 124. SPANISH LADIES.

Words and air from Captain Lewis, of Minehead.

This, like "Heave away my Johnny" (No. 123), is a capstan chanty. If the words, other than the chorus, were at one time improvised by the chanty man, that period must have been some time ago, for they are now, and have been for many years, as fixed and definite as the words of any folk-song. Indeed, to the present

generation of sailors, "Spanish Ladies" is not an "occupation" song at all, but a ballad pure and simple; and a very popular one in the fore-castle, round the galley fire, or at the more formal "sing-song."

There has, probably, always been a tendency for the chanty to become stereotyped and to evolve into a regular ballad, especially in recent times, when steam-power has been rapidly ousting manual labour, and, with it of course, the chanty. And this tendency would always be stronger in the case of a capstan or pumping chanty, in which the labour is regular and continuous, than in the "pulling" chanty where the work is confined to a few strenuous actions, performed at irregular intervals. The aim of both species of song was no doubt to enliven labour, but in the "pulling" chanty the chief purpose was to make that labour more effective by ensuring unanimity of action.

The rate at which Captain Lewis sang the song to me was about M.M. ♩ = 112; but he sang it as a song and not a chanty. When it was sung round the capstan the time was much faster, approximately M.M. ♩ = 152. I have harmonized it to be sung at the slower rate.

Lieut. Kettlewell, R.N., who has made a special study of this song, has very kindly revised Captain Lewis's words for me. He tells me that when the song is sung on board ship the conclusion of the chorus is, or always used to be, greeted with a shout of "Heave and pawl" (the pawl is the catch which prevents the recoil of the windlass).

The tune is a well known one, and has been printed several times, by Chappell and others; but so far as I know it has not yet appeared in the purely diatonic form in which it is given here. Nowadays, sailors sing a modernized, and in my opinion a far less beautiful form of the air, in the major mode.

No. 125. THE TEN JOYS OF MARY.

Words and air from Mrs. Eliza Jane Duddridge, of Mark.

I have not found this carol elsewhere in Somerset, although I have noted it down in Gloucestershire. Mrs. Duddridge told me that the carol was a great favourite with her "grandad," who used often to sing it "for all we children."

The "ten gentlemen" may possibly refer to the cleansing of the lepers. In the corresponding verse the Gloucestershire singer sang "to write with a golden pen," which is probably only a fanciful rendering invented for the sake of the rhyme. In the Gloucester version there were twelve verses, the last two being "to have the keys of Heaven" and "to have the keys of Hell."

There are two versions of the words of this carol in *Christmas Carols* by William Sandys (1833). The first of these "Joyis Fyve" is taken from the Sloane MS. In scheme it is very similar to the Somerset carol, but the words are quite different. The other carol in Sandys, "Joyis Seven," is almost identical up to the end of the seventh stanza with the corresponding verses which Mrs. Duddridge gave me, and which are reproduced without alteration in the text.

A traditional version, "The Seven Joys," is printed in *Christmas Carols New and Old*, edited by Bramley and Stainer. The words, so far as they go, coincide very closely with the Somerset verses, but the tune is quite different.

No. 126. A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words and air from Mr. Rapsey, of Bridgwater.

No variants. Mr. Rapsey told me that he learned this carol from his mother, and that when he was a lad he used to go round Bridgwater in company with other boys at Christmas time singing it.

It is, apparently, a shortened version of the well known carol "God rest you merry, gentlemen" given in Sandys (p. 102) and elsewhere. Mr. Rapsey's words were not very clear and I was compelled to amend them in one or two places, but they appear in the text substantially as he sang them. The word "say" in the penultimate lines of the first two verses I was at first inclined to regard as a corruption for "pray," which is the usual reading. But the Rev. Allen Brockington thought that "say" was merely used intransitively, as is not unusual in Somerset, for "talk," *i.e.* "prattle." As this is at least a possible explanation I have retained the word that Mr. Say sang.

No. 127. NEW YEAR'S SONG.

Words and tune from Mr. Frederick Crossman, of Huish Episcopi.

Mr. Emery of Othery sang me a very close variant of this song, and Miss K. Sorby has collected another from Nether Stowey, which, however, contains some 'wassail' verses which I do not think properly belong to the song.

Mr. Crossman told me that he learned the song from his 'old uncle,' and that when he was a boy the ringers, after ringing out the old year and ringing in the new, used to go and sing it before the clergyman's door at Huish. This custom, however, has not been observed for many years. Mr. Emery gave me a very similar account of the way in which the song used to be sung in his village.

No. 128. APPLE TREE WASSAIL.

Words and air from Mr. William Crockford, of Bratton, Minehead.

The ancient custom of wassailing the apple trees is still observed in some parts of Somerset, though I have never yet been fortunate enough to witness it. Mr. Crockford is known as the "conjurer," and is a stout upholder of and recognized authority on many old-fashioned customs and beliefs. He told me that they wassailed the apple trees at Bratton every year on the 17th of January. After singing me the song, etc., I prevailed upon him to describe to me the ceremony. They would meet, he said, in the orchard about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, join hands and then dance in a ring round an apple tree singing the words given in the text. At the conclusion of the song, they stamped on the ground, fired off their guns and made as much noise as they could, while they shouted out in unison the words appended to the song. Having placed some pieces of toast soaked in cider on one of the branches they proceeded to another tree, around which they repeated the ceremony. I asked him what happened to the toast. He replied "All gone in the morning; some say the birds eat it, but" I failed to extract from him

his interpretation of the disappearance, but it was evident that he did not believe in the "bird" theory. I then enquired what effect the wassailing produced upon the trees. He avoided a direct answer, but said "We always have plenty of apples hereabouts."

The words vary in different places. The following were given me by the Barrington wassailers :—

Apple trees, apple trees, bear and blow,
Ye sell apples and I sell cap-fulls :
This year, next year, apples enow,
Hat-fulls and cap-fulls and three-cornered sack-fulls.
Hip, hip, hurrah !

This is the formula at Crowcombe :—

Bud, blossom, bloom, and bear, ready to tear, (*i.e.* to break the tree)
So that we shall have apples and cider next year.
Hat-fulls, cap-fulls, three-bushel bag-fulls,
Little heap under the stairs, cider running out gutter holes.
Hip, hip, hurrah !

Miss K. Sorby sends me the following from Enmore.

So well you may bloom, so well you may bear,
That we may have apples for cider next year.
For it's our wassail, our jolly wassail,
And joy go with our jolly wassail.
(*Shouted*) Hats-full, caps-full, three-bushel bags-full, barns-full, waggons-full.

In a recent number of *Devon Notes and Queries* it is stated that at Wiveliscombe the men form a circle round a tree, fire guns, bang old kettles, trays, etc. All stoop down, and raise themselves up three times and shout :—

Now ! Now ! Now !
Hats-full, caps-full, three-bushel bags-full and a little heap under the stairs.
Please God send a good crop.
Now ! Now ! Now ! (more gun-firing etc.)

For other versions see *The Besom Maker*, p. 10, and Hone's *Every Day Book*, for January 5th.

In some parts of Somerset other and apparently quite irrelevant verses are tacked on after the invocation, *e.g.* the following :—

Down in the old lane there sits an old fox,
A-mouching and licking his dirty old chops ;
Shall we go catch him, my boys, if we can ?
Ten thousand to one if we catch him or no.

I will go home to old mother Joan
And tell her to put on the big marrow bone ;
Boil it and boil it and skim off the scum,
And we will have porridge when we do come home.
(Crowcombe)

There was an old man and he had an old pig,
And one of his neighbours got off his left leg
And put 'un upon his arm, boys, arm,
And a drop of more cider won't do us no harm.
(Othery)

Miss K. Sorby sends me the following verse from Bradford-on-Tone :

A poor little robin sits up in a tree
And all the day long so merry sings he,
A-widdling and twiddling to keep himself warm
And a little more cider won't do us no harm.

In addition to these, verses are often added which properly belong to the ordinary house-to-house wassail song. The reason of this confusion is probably because it was sometimes customary after the ceremony of wassailing the trees for the singers to go round the village wassailing the chief inhabitants, as described in the following note.

The ritual above described is no doubt meant to propitiate the earth spirit and thus to ensure a good crop of apples during the next season. The toast soaked in cider is a propitiatory offering in kind ; the stamping, shouting, gun-firing, etc., is to wake up the earth spirit ; the bowing an act of reverence to him. Ring-dancing and stamping are also essential features in the children's games, "Oats and Beans and Barley" and "Would you know how doth the Peasant," both of which Mrs. Gomme believes "preserve the tradition of the formula sung and danced at the spring festivals, about which Mr. Fraser has written so fully." The shouting also occurs in all "winding up" games, e.g. "Eller Tree." Commenting on this game Mrs. Gomme continues :—"It is probable that this game descends from the custom of encircling the tree as an act of worship. . . . A ceremonial of this kind would probably take place each spring . . . the connection of all the players, by means of clasped hands, with the central figure or tree, may also be considered a means of communicating life and action to it ; the tree requiring contact with living and moving creatures to enable it to put forth its leaves" (p. 510). In the apple tree wassail no contact is now made between the dancers and the tree, but it is conceivable that this did originally form part of the ceremony. Maypole dancing has no doubt some connection with the apple tree wassail.

The fact that at many places in Somerset, e.g., Bratton, Stockland, Enmore, Bradford-on-Tone, etc., the traditional date for wassailing the apple trees is January 17th, i.e. the date of the Epiphany (O.S.), clearly proves that it is an Epiphany or Twelfth-day custom and not a Christmas one.

The custom of wassailing the apple trees is not, of course, confined to Somerset, although probably there are not many counties in England where it is still observed. Miss Broadwood tells me that in Sussex, however, the ceremony is still kept up "though shorn of its former grandeur" (see *Sussex Daily News*, January 7th, 1909), and that in Yorkshire they still carry round the "Wassail kind"—a doll in a coffin-like box (nowadays often called 'the Wesleyan.') In Sussex they used to "worsle" the bees as well as the apple trees. The following very interesting lines were sent me by Miss E. Durham who says they were sung every Christmas at Duncton, near Petworth, by men who danced round the trees and bee-hives, beating them with sticks. The words were taken down about twenty years ago from a man who had "worsled every Christmas since I was a boy, barring the year I broke my leg."

THE BEE WORSLE.

Bees, bees of Paradise !
Do the work of Jesus Christ,
Do the work that no man can.

God made bees,
~~Bees~~ make honey ;
 God made man,
 Men make money.
 God made men
 To harr'w and to plow,
 And God made the little boy
 To holloa off the crow.
 Holloa, boys, holloa !
 Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

THE APPLE WORSLE.

Here stands a good old apple tree !
 Stand fast root, stand fast bough,
 Every little twig bear an apple big,
 Every little bough bear an apple now ;
 Hat-full, cap-full,
 Pocket-full, lap-full.
 Holloa, boys, holloa !
 Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

Mr. Crockford's tune is a major version of "The Miller of the Dee."

No. 129. WASSAIL SONG.

(FIRST VERSION).

Words and air from Mr. Harry Richards, of Curry Rivel.

No. 130. WASSAIL SONG.

(SECOND VERSION).

Words and air from the Drayton Wassailers.

Wassail singing is a custom that is still observed in many parts of Somerset ; but it is rapidly dying out, and it is to be feared that in a few years' time it will have disappeared altogether.

I have noted down thirteen versions in different parts of the County. From a musical point of view the best forms are to be found in the neighbourhood of Langport ; in other districts the tunes are very short, simple, and of no great melodic interest. The words vary very little. The first four verses of the Drayton set are very typical ; they occur in nearly all my versions. The fifth stanza, however, does not come from Drayton ; I added it because it is an interesting verse and one that is very frequently sung in that and other parts of Somerset.

Mr. Richards's song is the oldest form that I have found in the County, and it appears in this Collection precisely as he sang it to me. It will be seen that all the verses, except the opening one, contain only three lines each, instead of four. The Drayton and Langport wassail songs all exhibit the same irregularity, but with an important difference. In Mr. Richards's song the three lines of each of the curtailed

verses are in rhyme ; moreover, the interpolated phrase sung to the words "To you a wassail," preserves the balance when the melody is abridged. But in the Drayton and Langport sets only two of the lines of each of the shortened stanzas are in rhyme ; and, as there is no interpolated phrase, the symmetry of the melody is quite destroyed when the fourth phrase is omitted. I regard these versions, therefore, as corrupt, but the Curry Rivel song as quite normal and trustworthy. Consequently, I have, in the Drayton version here printed, completed the three-lined stanzas with additional lines taken down from other and more regular versions.

The ceremony as I saw it performed at Drayton this year was as follows. The singers, twelve to fifteen strong, assembled at the vicarage and arranged themselves in a semi-circle around the front door, which was closed. They then sang their song in full and lusty tones, with upturned faces and half-closed eyes, pronouncing their words sharply and clearly after the manner of all good folk-singers. At its conclusion the leader advanced a step or two and in a loud voice greeted the family and household in the formula given in the text. The door was then opened and, on the invitation of the vicar, the company entered the house and received thanks and donations, after which they took their leave and proceeded on their round. The whole ceremony occupied only a few minutes, but in its perfect simplicity, in the curious old-fashioned words and the beautiful tune to which they were sung, it was wonderfully effective, and one could only deplore the gradual but sure disappearance of such a pretty and social custom.

In Somerset the day for wassailing is the evening of January 5th. It is commonly supposed that this date is chosen because it is that of 'Old' Christmas Eve,* and the wassailers themselves will tell you so ; but I am not at all certain that this is the right interpretation. I believe it is because the fifth of January is the Eve of Epiphany (N.S.)—the date serving equally well for both festivals. It is significant that one of the oldest wassail songs in print (see Sandy's *Christmas Carols*, p. 50, and Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, pp. 304-6) is obviously an Epiphany song, as the following verse will show :—

This is our merry night
Of choosing king and queen,
Then be it your delight
That something may be seen
In our wassel.

Hone, too, in his *Every Day Book*, under date January 5th, connects the custom with Epiphany and not Christmas. He quotes from Dr. Drake that on that date "it was a practice formerly for itinerant minstrels to bear a bowl of spiced wine to the houses of the gentry and others, from whom they expected a hospitable reception, and, calling their bowl a wassail bowl, to drink wassail to their entertainers."

The custom is, of course, a Saxon one. The word 'wassail' (the accent should be on the second syllable) means 'be of good health,' from A.S. *wes* = be, and *hál* = whole. The mention of the cup "made of the good old ashen tree," which occurs in all the Somerset versions, is further evidence of antiquity, and takes us back to Saxon times when all common domestic vessels were of wood. The Vicar of Langport tells me that it was specially forbidden to use wooden vessels for Holy Communion.

* Since 1901 "Old" Christmas Day has fallen on January 7th. This is because the year 1900 was not a leap year.

The same authority, the Rev. D. M. Ross, has called my attention to an old Saxon toasting-cry which Sir James Ramsay, in his *Foundations of England*, (Vol. II), quotes from Wace, the Anglo-Norman poet (d. 1180). The Chronicler mentions it as being sung in the English camp on the eve of the battle of Hastings. As it possesses some features that are characteristic of the Somerset Wassail songs of the present day it is perhaps worth printing :

Bublie crient é weissel,
E laticome é drencheheil
Drink Hindrewart é Drintome
Drinc Helf, é drinc tome.

This, according to Sir James Ramsay, may be translated thus ;—

Rejoice and wassail
Let it come (pass the bottle) and drink health
Drink backwards and drink to me
Drink half and drink empty.

The last verse in the Drayton song about the “girt (in some versions ‘black’) dog of Langport” is a very common one. I have found it at Othery, all over the Quantock district, and of course at Langport and the villages round. Archæologists differ as to its meaning. Mr. Ross thinks that ‘black dog,’ which is a common and ancient name for the devil (*cf.* ‘black dog on your back’) refers to the Danes who were popularly regarded as the allies of Satan. He points out that Langport saw the overthrow of the Danes at Aller—another Isle of Ely, or Athelney, to the people of that neighbourhood—and their complete surrender to Alfred and Alfred’s God. Hence, he argues, in the black dog curtailed, Langport rejoiced at their deliverance.

It may, however, be a survival of one of the “dragon” legends which are found in many parts of England, especially in those towns which, like Langport, are situated on the edge of a marsh. (See also *Somerset and Dorset Notes and Queries*, Vol. VI, for another suggested explanation).

For other versions of the wassail song see “Somersetshire Wassail” in *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 20 ; *Sussex Songs*, No. 3 ; and *The Besom Maker*, p. 9.

Bell gives the words of a Gloucestershire wassail song, which are very similar to a set which I myself have recovered in that county. Bell’s version is quite different from the Somerset songs.